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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER X. A VISIT OF WELCOME.

DURING these times the Fancier Bank had made great progress. It had become a rich, plethoric, almost obese association. The clever secretary had pushed it with extraordinary energy and success. It was looming and drifting along the great City waters like a huge Spanish galleon. Some little unpretending banking-craft, coming incautiously under its stern, were swallowed up and destroyed. Its shares were at a fine premium—were, indeed, not to be procured; and the secret was, every one said, "it was so judiciously managed:" you had Tillotson, and "men like that." But what would ever make up for the loss of Bowater, who was so calm, so steady, and so courteous? Should we ever forget his indescribable eye travelling down the rows of figures? His place was not to be readily supplied. We must only look about, however, and get in New Blood. This was always the secretary's cry, "Blood! Blood!" like a ferocious Thug—that is, "New Blood."

The secretary had in his eye the quantity of New Blood that was contained in a certain Mr. Lackson, who was known to the public as "the great Lackson," and who was, besides, said by the same innocent public to be able to do what he liked with the Bank of England. He was an enormous contractor and railway proprietor; made railways, bought railways, made huge works, and was now busy getting up a vast society for supplying railway shedding—huge roofs of unlimited span—to every company in the kingdom.

The prospectus of "The Universal Railway Roofing Company (Limited)" had been in every newspaper for the last month. Like every other thing that "he put his finger to," the admirers said, this also would turn into gold. Yet he was a stout, heavy, countryman-looking operator, slow of speech, red in face, and wore a huge waistcoat and a baggy dissenting clergyman's tail-coat in the morning. Such a man, the secretary said, would be worth his weight

in gold, which would have been a very large weight of gold indeed; and the question of his adhesion to the Fancier Company had been only postponed until Mr. Tillotson came back.

It has been mentioned that it was a different Mr. Tillotson that came back—a gay, hopeful, cheerful Mr. Tillotson, with a brow that was open and clear, and a tongue that was loosened; with a wit and judgment, too, as his colleagues found, that had been surprisingly quickened. All his sorrowful indifference had passed away. He anticipated all their reasons, and struck out brilliant ideas of his own. But against the admission of "the great Lackson" he was strong. He said, truly, they were doing admirably, and the bank was strong enough; that such men as Lackson were dangerous and uncertain, and could only prove a dead weight on their operations.

At several board meetings the matter was gone over and over again. It was urged yet more strongly, and as a chief ground, that he had an enormous account with their house, which it would be a pity to lose. At last Mr. Tillotson gave way, and in the next report the directors "had peculiar gratification in recommending to the shareholders the well-known name of William Lackson, Esq., for election as a director, the value of whose adhesion to this great society needs not be pointed out." William Lackson, on that, joined the board, and the very week after paid in as a mere current account a sum of over twenty thousand pounds. "I shall, of course," said the great Lackson, "have now nothing to do with any other house." And he came regularly to the board, in his dissenting tail-coat; said little, but to the purpose. He did not, however, like Mr. Tillotson from the beginning, who, he said, wanted "stuff," and was not the man for the place.

Mr. Tillotson, only a week after his return—when this matter had been finally settled—came home gaily and hurriedly; for he was a little late. He knew that two of the fine saddle-horses which the captain had chosen were being walked up and down before his house. For every day they went out happily to ride in the Park, and both found a new delight in this exercise. But the horses were not yet brought round, and he was about to run up-stairs to apologise.

The gentle figure, in her riding-habit, came

down softly and laid her hand on his arm. "He is up-stairs," she whispered; "poor Ross! he has been here this hour—in a miserable state, and O, my dear husband, you will let me remind you of your kind and generous promise the other night, for he wants all your indulgence. They have disgraced him—turned him out of the army. So that if he is at all fretful, or ill tempered, I know you will——"

Mr. Tillotson's open face glowed with deep sympathy, and almost grief. He took her hand. "Let us go to him. We shall help him in some way, in spite of himself. And, as to my minding a word he may say, you shall see. Now watch me."

They went up. Ross was standing with his back to the fire, worn and dejected, with lines in his face, and his hair wild and tossed. His face lighted up when he saw them, and he gave an impatient stamp upon the rug. But Mr. Tillotson advanced to him with his hand out and the kindest greeting. "My dear Ross, I am so glad you have come to us. You must keep up, and not be cast down. Everything will come right again, and if one thing goes a little astray, something else will turn up. We shall *make* it turn up."

Ross was embarrassed by this sweetness and warmth. He looked up moodily. "Ah, *you* may say that, who are on the right side in everything: you were born to luck. I was not. It is very easy to give comfort of *that* sort; but what does it mean?"

"Exactly," said the other, heartily; "a most sensible question. Now sit down there, and let us all draw our chairs together, and look into the business, and see what is the best course. There."

The word "all" grated on Ross; and, as he turned to Mrs. Tillotson, he saw her face suffused with gratitude. That look stung him, and he pushed away the chair.

"I want no counsels held over my affairs," he said. "I am no pauper coming here to beg money and aid. Do you take me for that?—tell me. Do you suppose I have come to you for that? Answer me."

"Heaven forbid!" Mr. Tillotson answered, in the same unruffled tone. "You have merely come to friends, to——"

Ross tried to laugh. "Friends! That's not so bad. Understand me. I want nothing. From this house at least. I have lots—lots of friends! I have just come to see this—this Mrs. Tillotson. Any harm in that? Is it a crime? Do you object?"

Nothing could disturb Mr. Tillotson. "So far from that, you shall be always welcome. I am afraid, then, we are not to venture to try and help you?"

"Once more, Mr. Tillotson," said the other, roughly, "give that up. I've come here to see *her*. True, I have left the army, or say, if you like, they have turned me out. Well, if they have? Better and more honourable men than I am have been turned out. Infernal jobbers! If I was a lord, or had a lord or cousin or an

uncle at the Horse Guards, how soon the matter would be jobbed over! It's as vile and as rotten a den as there is in the kingdom. And what did I do, after all? What thousands have done. And why did I do it? Was it to shirk duty? No, before God. And then they go and disgrace me—disgrace me—that I never can hold up my head in decent company again."

Both faces were turned to him with deep compassion.

"Now, dear Mr. Ross," she said, "that is what gives you a claim upon us. *We* know why you came away, and why will you not let us take counsel with you and see what can be done? We know people that have power, and we could get——"

"We this, we that," said Ross, bitterly. "Charming partnership, isn't it? I want none of it. I was sick of the army. I wouldn't go back to it to-morrow, if you gave me a million. I shall do very well, never fear. Don't waste your joint sympathies on me, pray. I shall have more money than I know what to do with by-and-by. I have just been with the lawyers, and *our* case is down, my friend, and I can tell you you wouldn't be comforted by hearing what they have to tell me. But luck isn't to go all one way for ever, recollect."

"If there is to be a victory for you," said Mr. Tillotson, "I shall be just as glad. Will you believe me?"

"That's all very well," said the other. "No compliment in that. It's time, indeed, luck turned. God knows I have been persecuted enough. I have had a wretched life of it. Haven't I, now? Admit it. Everything has gone wrong with me; while with you, Tillotson, everything has gone entirely the other way."

Mr. Tillotson shook his head. "If you knew all," he said, "you would not say that. Your life has been a paradise to mine."

"Well, we can't help it," said the other. "Every man gets a rub. I suppose *you* think I shall end in a ditch one day; and the sooner the better, I say."

"Not at all," said Mr. Tillotson, cheerfully. "Things will mend, never fear. You won't let me do anything for you, so I shall not say anything more of that. Still, if you care to come here and consult your old friend, and if you can let us persuade you that there is nothing waiting you here but sympathy and regard, I hope you will come very often—when you choose, in fact—dine with us."

Ross looked at him doubtfully, then said, half sulkily, "Why should I? Yet it's no such compliment, after all."

"Exactly," said Mr. Tillotson. "Now we look at it in the proper view. No compliment whatever. Come when you like—go when you like. Is that agreed?"

Ross gave a rough laugh, and took his hat.

"He has wonderful virtue," he said. "They

should canonise him. They were making a saint at Malta when I was there. Blessed are the peacemakers, for theirs is the kingdom, you know. But they don't win lawsuits, my friend, for all that. No, no. They are content with another kingdom, and *must* be on this occasion. Make up your mind, Tillotson, with a good grace, for it's all up with you."

"With all my heart," said Tillotson.

"Good-bye, then," said Ross.

A servant came in, now, saying that Mr. Withers, from the bank, was below. This was some special business. Mr. Tillotson went down and came up presently "No ride to-day, I am afraid—for me, at least. This dreadful business waits for me for half an hour."

Mrs. Tillotson was standing there in her riding-habit, a charming figure. The golden hair was gathered back behind in a rich knot. She looked like a statue of some saint. Mr. Tillotson turned to her hastily. "You must not lose your ride," he said. "Here, if Ross would take my horse. You need not go into the Park."

"Oh no," she said, hastily.

"But, oh yes. I insist; that is, if Ross can go."

"Well," said the other, half eagerly, "I have no objection."

"There then, that's settled," said Mr. Tillotson; and went down to his business.

In a moment the horses were round, and the golden-haired lady was out upon the steps. She ran in for a second to her husband, and gave him a grateful whisper. Ross helped her up, still moody, then mounted himself. Martha Malcolm held the door open till they were gone. As they turned to ride away, Mr. Tillotson came out for a second to look at them, which he did with pleasure.

"Kindness, after all," he thought, "will tame that poor outcast yet, and make him gentle. She is an angel indeed, and looks one. God grant that I do not feel too happy at this moment."

Suddenly he heard a harsh voice beside him.

"That's a pleasant and agreeable arrangement, sir?"

"Yes, what, Martha?"

"That. Is it to be regular and every day?"

"Not every day, Martha," said he, smiling.

"He is in trouble, poor fellow, now."

"So it seems, sir," said Martha, gravely, "and requires comfort."

Mr. Tillotson smiled again, and went into his study. He looked on Martha as a privileged but faithful retainer; a legacy, too, from the fair little lady who had died in foreign lands.

CHAPTER XI. BASIS FOR SUSPICION.

MRS. TILLOTSON came home very eager and excited with her ride. She ran to her husband in his study. "It is all going well," she said; "you are only too kind and good. I am sure he will give no more trouble now. I have talked

to him and reasoned with him, poor soul; and he has half promised me."

"Half," said he, smiling. "Do I not know that there can be no half promises made to you? Well, I am very glad; and very glad, too, that *you* are pleased."

"It has been a greater weight on my mind," said she, thoughtfully, "than I liked to own to you. With all his follies and faults, he is good and amiable and honourable; and I myself was somewhat to blame. By the way, we met that friend of his, Grainger; more his evil genius than his friend. You remember him at St. Alans?"

"A sort of traveller," said Mr. Tillotson, "and a sneering traveller."

"Yes," she said; "Mr. Tilney somehow liked him, but I never could feel easy in his presence. I am sure he is crafty and wicked, and if we could withdraw Ross from his fatal influence—but I suspect—and he seems to be in his power—I think he has given him money, and our poor Ross, of course, cannot pay him."

"I remember his admiring *you*," said Mr. Tillotson, "and that is the only thing I bear him malice for. As for the money, if you can settle *that*, too, and rescue Ross, you know where to come to."

"Always good, too good," she said, with one of her soft smiles, and went away to change her dress.

Another paradisiacal evening for the banker. Did he not think that life was actually growing more and more like paradise every hour? Between him and his figures, that night, seemed to dance a crowd of fairies—spirits that seemed, with grotesque feet, to make steps that took the shape of the words of Happiness and Delight.

Some few more days—nearly a week—and Mr. Tillotson went with alacrity into his banking concerns. He was coming round gradually to the heavy, almost silent Lackson, who, when he spoke, said a couple of words that were as valuable as a cheque. Still was the bank growing; it bade fair to be the very megatherium of banks, and the secretary hinted that there were vast schemes in the brain of "the great Lackson" which, if he could be induced to impart, would set them all rolling in gold.

He came home one evening after one of these meetings, thinking of the pleasant ride in the Park that was before him. He had got to the top of his street, when he saw a gentleman come out and hurry away. He recollected his face perfectly, as that of the Mr. Grainger he had known at St. Alans. He wondered what could take him to that house, but knew that in the ride Mrs. Tillotson would explain it.

He wrote a letter or two, then the horses came round, and they went out. It was a charming evening, and they had a delicious canter. They stayed out a long time. This was more of happy life. They were to dine out, and came home about seven. Still Mrs. Tillotson had made no mention of her visitor, nor of her visitor's name. He wondered at

this with a little placid wonder, but knew very well that there was reason for it, or that there was some defect in himself or in his way of judging of it. Still, it was a little curious; and when she had tripped up-stairs to get off her habit, the idea came to him that this had been only "a call," and she had known nothing of it. He smiled at his stupidity. "And they call me a business man!"

Martha Malcolm was passing his study, when he asked her, carelessly, "Anybody called here to-day?" The grim Martha told him a gentleman had called, and had been there nearly an hour.

Mr. Tillotson wondered again; but once more dismissed the matter as "a little curious," setting it all down to some imperfection on his side. Then they went out to dinner, which was at a City house, and were received with great respect; and through the night, though the matter came drifting back upon his brain, it grew fainter and fainter.

The visit had been of this sort: Grainger had called, had been shown up; a strange gaunt man, with wild eyes, and a ragged look about the lower part of his face, but, on the whole, was more ragged now and wilder than in the old St. Alans days. He had been knocking about, as he told his friends; had spent some "tearing nights," and was said to have lost much money—nearly all he had—at the Hom-burg or Baden tables. Yet he never lost the old quiet, gentlemanly, almost soft manner of his.

Mrs. Tillotson was in the drawing-room writing, and started up to go when she saw him. "I beg your pardon," he said, in his softest voice; "I have no right to come; but this has fallen out most fortunately, for I wished to see you."

Mrs. Tillotson answered coldly, and gathered up her papers calmly, as if to go. She knew more of this man, and of the mischief his influence had wrought upon Ross, than she had told her husband.

"You *can* have no business with me. Mr. Tillotson will be back in half an hour, and if you choose to wait——"

"Then I shall go," he said, with deference. "I have no business with him. What I wished to say can be said in two minutes. It is about Ross. I know you have always had a prejudice against me, and I must say a just one. I deserve it. I have a certain way of life, and I am the slave of that. I have no power over myself. But I have some regard for Ross. But I came to tell you that he is in a strange frame of mind—that he is infuriated by a succession of disappointments; and what I would ask of you—not of Mr. Tillotson—is to be indulgent, to soothe him as much as you can, or he may *turn out dangerous to your husband*. That is all I have come to say. You have been very indulgent in listening to me so long."

Mrs. Tillotson had grown interested. The motion he had made to go looked genuine. Without sitting down, she said irresolutely, "I know something of this. I believe what

you say. But we have seen him, and talked with him, and he is inclined to be kind and quiet."

"Look here, Mrs. Tillotson," said, Grainger, earnestly, and coming back closer to her. "Grainger may or may not have reasons for telling you this. I say I have an interest in him, and, though you will not believe me, an interest in you. You know very well, in your heart of hearts, you are insecure about Ross. You cannot depend on him. I tell you and warn you that he is altered. He has let things prey on his mind. *One* thing especially, which even I did not suspect he would have so taken to heart. You guess that, I can see. If you had seen the way he behaved after it, or had you seen what labour fell on me, or what days and nights of weary watching I had to go through, to keep him from something desperate, you would give me more credit for good intentions. I tell you, it is a serious matter—if you value the happiness that I am told you are now enjoying, and if you value his, your husband's, comfort, love, quiet, and perhaps *life*."

She seemed a little scared by all this earnestness, and dropped into a chair half unconsciously. He did the same.

"But tell me," she said; "he could not mean—he was so kind, so gentle——"

He interrupted her.

"So he might be now, but it is all slumbering. A word, a look, will set him in a flame. Do not think this is fanciful or exaggeration. If a policeman heard him only last night, it would be his duty to arrest him. I do not so much mind the present; it is the future that I dread. This lawsuit—he is as sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow to lose it. It is a foregone conclusion. He has not a chance. I know it. Well, when *that* day comes—it's only a month or so off—when he is left without money or *hope*—when he is a disgraced man, as he is now, and a ruined outcast, as he will be then, and an outcast stuffed with pride and a sense of injury—this is the moment that I dread and shrink from. We may *all* humour him until *then*, but afterwards——Now, Mrs. Tillotson," he went on, in a changed voice, "this is what I came to tell you. You may put what motive you please upon it; but what I have said, I *think*, looks like truth. You can act on it as you think fit, but you may depend on my doing my best. As for Mr. Tillotson, if I might advise here too, I would recommend his *knowing nothing* of the matter. His own generous and unsuspicious nature will be his best protection, and leave him quite free to act. But you can do as you please. I only recommend."

There was something in his manner that half awed, half convinced her. In her grave gentle way she thanked him. He saw in her face that she accepted all he had said. He rose up hastily and looked at his watch. "These two minutes," he said, "have stretched to half an hour. I must go. Good-bye, Mrs. Tillotson;" and he left her.

For a moment she was undecided; but she thought the whole interview over, and, for the sake of her husband, resolved to say nothing of it, which, indeed, seemed a wise resolution.

CHAPTER XII. MR. TILNEY GIVES COMFORT.

BETTER times, too, had set in for Mr. Tilney. After many scruples, and much sincere delicacy, he had been induced by Mr. Tillotson to accept a moderate loan, "at five per cent interest," as it was most carefully stipulated; on the strength of which he had taken a little house towards Chelsea. All this had produced a wonderful alteration in his looks and spirits.

"I declare to you, Tillotson," he said, as if making a very handsome concession, "God is very good to us *after all*. Do we do half enough for Him in return? It astonishes me they don't insist more on that view in the pulpit. He sends us everything—the house-top and the sparrows, and all that sort of thing; but what do *we* send Him?"

Mr. Tillotson, always sweet-tempered and placid, quite accepted this more devotional view of imputing the obligation of his own services to the highest source of all.

"I see a deal of Grainger," Mr. Tilney went on, one day—"a deal of Grainger. A nice creature; but spoiled. A fine nature originally, but gone to the deuce, sir, for want of religious culture. The man has about as much religious sentiment in him as—the funnel of that lamp."

"And who was he?" asked Mr. Tillotson, interested; "where does he come from?"

"One of the best families, sir," said Mr. Tilney; "no better in all Burke. I knew his father, Pat Grainger, well—no man better. No man could have a nicer, or more genteel, or a better-appointed table. His own crest on everything. Lovely damask, sir. It was a great pity."

"What?" asked Mr. Tillotson.

"O, the break up," said Mr. Tilney, as if he was speaking of a ship. "It is very odd, do you know, they all do that so much. Most singular. Left his family in a miserable way. How this man has kept himself is a marvel. Has travelled, mixed with the best, and yet I vow to Heaven, this moment, I don't know where he could lay his hand on three-halfpence. Yet I respect him for it. My dear Tillotson," continued he, warming, "don't you agree with me, that a man with no visible means, and yet who keeps up a good appearance, has a good coat on his back, sees company, goes up to his dinner-party, and pays for his cab, is—is really—one of the noblest works of our Creator?"

Mr. Tillotson smiled at this new definition. The other went on:

"Poor Grainger. He used to be great with us, you know, down at St. Alans, running in and out, like a pet rabbit—no one to question him. No one. And, indeed, I may tell you *now*, Tillotson, now that it's all past, and gone, and

laid by—that he had always rather a—you know—what the French call a poncehông for our dear child of earth with the golden hair—of course, I mean your wife, the present Mrs. Tillotson."

A faint tinge coloured the other's cheeks. "Indeed," he said, eagerly. "I never heard or even suspected this."

"No," said Mr. Tilney, plaintively. "No, no, I dare say not. We never let the worm in the bud prey on us—in such cases, at least. Girls *will* be girls, and like having men after them; and to the end of the chapter. It's the same with the whole kit of 'em."

"But," said Mr. Tillotson, a little excitedly, "I think you are wrong in all this. For, from what I saw at St. Alans, I should say, if there was any one she disliked——"

"My dear fellow," said the other, patting his arm in great delight, "*you* have not seen the side of the world that I have. It requires a life, sir, to know women and their ways. The very man they curl their noses at, and turn their backs upon, is the man they like. She liked listening to our friend's stories of shooting the tigers, and his swimming the rivers with his gun in his teeth. You remember Desdemona and her black man. My dear Tillotson, take this truth home with you from an old soldier that has," added he, with great cheerfulness, "had his heart broken with the ingratitude of courts and princes. Women, sir, have no respect for snobs. You catch my meaning? Your gentle, pale-faced, well-meaning, benevolent snob, no girl worth her salt cares tuppence for!"

Something like a chill struck on Mr. Tillotson's heart as he heard this remarkable declaration. He felt that there was a truth—very rarely found in such declarations—in what his friend had said.

"Look at Ross, too," went on Mr. Tilney, quite encouraged by the overwhelming conviction and assent that he saw in Mr. Tillotson's face. "Look at Ross. Now that it's all past, and gone, and laid by too—who would not say that the present Mrs. Tillotson had a regard for him? We all of us knew it, sir. Brought up together from that high. With all his rudeness and roughness, his follies and breakings out, we could see, sir, with half an eye, sir, that the present Mrs. Tillotson had a liking for him. But that's all gone and laid by now. Curious, looking back this way on the light of old days. They come back on us, like mountains, my dear Tillotson, rolling softly, softly, over one another. Man," added Mr. Tilney, buttoning himself up with devotion, "is but as a puff of smoke upon earth. Blow it, sir, ever so gently, and it's nowhere."

Mr. Tillotson walked home that day with his eyes upon the ground, ruminating deeply. Something like a hint of his own over-trust and unsuspectingness was in his mind, and that grotesque dictum of Mr. Tilney seemed to ring in his ears like a discordant chime—

"Women never respect a *snob*;" and he felt that there was something over-true in this. But when he got home again, he heard the harmonium pealing devotionally through the house. Then he went up-stairs and entered softly, and saw through the half light that devotional face, turned upwards as if praying, while again a patch of light fell upon the golden hair. It brought back to him an old evening when she was playing in the grand St. Alans cathedral, and might have been a framed St. Cecilia picture. There were images that never lost their power with him, and as he thought of this one, it soothed him like a potion; the sense of perfect happiness came back on him with an overflow, and he could almost smile at his doubts. As he stole down again, not wishing to interrupt her, he met Martha Malcolm on the stairs. For her "grimness" and austerity he always had a sort of indulgence. "Listen to that, Martha," he said. "There's heavenly music."

"I hear it, sir," she answered, "and have heard it. It's good for those as like it. There are the letters just come for you, on the table."

"Any one here to-day, for me, Martha?" he asked, wishing to change the subject.

"Yes," she said, "that foreign man who comes when ye are at office."

"No one else? Not even the captain?"

This news disturbed him again. But there was the music still playing and working on him like a spell. Still, even for the curiosity of the thing, it was strange that she who told him everything, even trifles he did not care to know, should keep this back from him. He gave a sigh and looked at his letters.

Two for Mrs. Tillotson—one in a bold man's hand, which he had an instinct was Grainger's; the other in Ross's writing, which he knew very well. None for him. He left them there, and turned into the parlour.

That afternoon, not an hour before her husband had returned, Mrs. Tillotson was sitting in her drawing-room, when the grim Martha, entering with a card, asked "would she see that gentleman."

Now, she had been just thinking of "that gentleman" only a few minutes before, and it had occurred to her how foolish it was to have made any "arrangement" with such a man, and that the best course even in such a trifle was to be open. When she looked on the card and read "Mr. Grainger," she handed it back with a little impatience. "What does he mean by coming in this way?" she thought. "I am not at home. I cannot see him."

"But I told him ye *were* at home," said the other.

"I am sorry you did," Mrs. Tillotson said, gravely. "Tell him Mr. Tillotson will be in in an hour. There."

Martha went down. But came up again with another card, on which was written in pencil, "Do let me up. I wish to see you particularly. I must see you." Some colour came into her

cheeks at the tone of this message. It was lucky, she thought, she had made up her mind about this free-and-easy intruder, and she sent down word again that she was engaged. This was all that had passed, and it was some pleasure that Mrs. Tillotson thought how she had thus obviated, what seemed to her, a little false step. But in the evening her letters were brought in to her; the first she opened was Grainger's. "I am sorry," it ran, "you did not see me to-day, when I called. I suppose some suspicions were in your mind of the kind that I hinted to you when I last saw you. I am quite unselfish in the matter, and merely wished to speak to you, as I do now, about one in whom you have some little interest. I have been away, and on my return find that he has been leading a strange life, having 'broken out,' as I am afraid he does occasionally. I am a friend of his, and it is only to you I would speak thus of his failings. I was really shocked this morning, on my return, to see the change in him. I believe he has no money left, and seems to me—though he is too proud to own it—in actual want. He is indeed in a pitiable state. If you had seen him this morning, I am sure you would have felt some compassion for him. To see him there bewailing himself, 'hunted,' he said, pursued by creditors, and literally not knowing where to lay his head or find rest. I have tried to help him a little, but what I can do is very little—I have little myself. Besides, what he wants is kindness, soothing and humouring by those he likes and respects. These fits of depression are too much for him, and I know not how to treat them. In one of these fits he left me, and I was sorry I let him go. I tried to find him again, but could not, and am really afraid he may fall into some trouble from his creditors, or may have done so already. This was what I wished to speak to you about this morning, as I believe a word from you—or a few words—would soothe and tranquillise him. I know your husband—Mr. Tillotson—could set him straight, and make him happy in a moment, and would be delighted to do it; but his name is like a piece of scarlet to Ross. Naturally, you think you have reconciled him perfectly to your husband: I must tell you that this is a mistake. Here is a page from a letter of Ross's not a week old, and it speaks for itself: 'I was with the *pair* to-day, and he played the virtuous, suffering, and Christian man to perfection. If you knew what I suffered, Grainger, during that time, with his infernal air of patronage, his fat contented superiority. I could have eaten my heart out. Curses on him, Grainger; and curses on me, too, if ever I get over it to him!' This is very shocking, and it pains me to have to show it to you; but I wish to show you that I have been quite disinterested in the matter from the beginning. I only wished to save *my* friend and yours from some fatal burst, which may, besides, bring ruin into your family. You, however, know best, and judge best."

This letter overwhelmed her. She saw all the

evils that were thus hinted at as clear as if they had happened already. She had an instinct that every word of it was true; but the worst was, that Ross's letter showed her only too plainly that any exertions of her own would be useless. She had thought complacently of what had happened at that interview as having completely smoothed away everything, and now she saw that she was wrong.

What was she to do? As for telling her husband of this new danger, it would be unkind and selfish, and would not help the matter. The only thing was to bear it all on her own shoulders. Grainger, she felt, had indeed hit on the truth when he said that her soothing, and only hers, could have influence with Ross.

After much thought she went to her desk, wrote a note, and sent it out. Martha Malcolm took it from the little page who was sent with it, and read that it was directed to Mr. Grainger.

ITALY IN THE LEASH.

"WHERE are the soldiers, and where are the labourers?" a stranger who had fallen behind the march of public events might inquire, as he travels in Italy in June, "sixty-six." Scarcely a soldier is to be seen, and, if one does occasionally attract the eye, he dodges across the way, and, like a rabbit who has had some narrow escapes in the foray that destroyed his friends, is gone like a dream. So, too, in the rich abundant fields, heavy with harvest promise, and, in many cases, ripe for scythe and sickle, not a soul stands ready to gather in the fruits, and only here and there, some decrepit house-father, or a couple of sun-burned wenches, move about, looking almost ludicrously inadequate to the agricultural tasks that seem to have devolved upon them.

The strife once begun, doubtless hands of some sex or age will be found for these needful duties. In the mean time, that shade of possibility which, up to this very hour of writing—June the fifteenth—has not ceased to exist, that war may be averted—has perhaps counselled a little delay.

To remain in seething Turin, is simply impossible. True, that rather slumbrous city has shaken off its lethargic ways, and seems to have registered a vow never to retire to bed again until victory and Venice are won.

"Sorgi, o popolo Latino—sorgi, e vinci!" sings Angelo Brofferio, through a hundred throats, in every place of popular assembly; and the Latin people have literally obeyed the exhortation. Yes, literally; for, if they have not yet overcome the intrusive German, whom, after a hundred and forty years, it is still pleasant to call "stranger," they have conquered that stranger's best allies, their own listlessness, apathy, and disunion. Let party politicians say what they will, the fact remains that the world has rarely witnessed a more heart-stirring spec-

tacle than that now presented by a country but recently pronounced—perhaps believed—by statesmen to be unworthy of a place among the greater peoples of Europe. So young in freedom, not even yet emancipated from galling influences, nor rid of foes within, what has she not already effected?

Turin is in a fever, and, like other patients in a similar condition, is not coherent, nor reliable in her observations. She invents, and then feeds upon, the most extraordinary fancies. After repeated undeceptions, it seems desirable that any individual interested in ascertaining the truth should proceed something nearer to the theatre of expected events, and judge for himself. And, now, to *which* theatre? for there are two, at least, with their mighty gates flung open, all waiting to begin. Long before these lines are read, the bowing, and scraping, and measuring of swords between the great German champions will probably have given place to the cannon's roll and the rush of armed legions; but with this portion of the tremendous game we have far less sympathy, and no business. To youthful Italy, dame England has ever turned a friendly face, and all that strict neutrality, tinctured with hearty good will, can do—perhaps a trifle more—has been exerted in behalf of the bold boy who is now going in, to win back, with his own right hand, the heritage of his sires.

Florence, and thence to the royal camp, or Como and Garibaldi? It is a difficult choice; but really there is nothing like fixing one's plans. I shall leave, at 2.35, for Florence—no, stop—at 5.23, for Como, I think. No, after all, Florence is the point, only that it is so easy to take Como and the red-frocks first; after which, without prejudice to the possibility of remaining there, I can follow the fortunes of the warlike Victor. Admirable decision! To Como.

Seven years ago, many of these green and golden fields through which we are peacefully puffing our way, were ravaged by war. I recal the trampled vines, the shattered homesteads, the desecrated cemeteries (spots much favoured by the Austrians for making a stand), and also a certain ghostly stroll, in which I managed to lose my way among the half-covered graves of Magenta. But here we are at Milan.

Still not a soldier to be seen. The first red shirts are represented by half a dozen lads, with can and haversack, on their way to the dépôts at Monza, Como, Lecca, and Bergamo. After an hour's halt we continue the journey, and, leaving the train two miles from Como, to which there is a deep descent, are at once in the midst of martial bustle and preparation. Seven thousand volunteers are quartered in and about the town, and, with the regiments at Monza and the neighbouring dépôts, make up the number to about twenty thousand. A nearly equal number, we learn, are assembled in and about Ancona, to operate in Venetia, and thus give full scope to their

general's well-known habit of appearing where he is least expected by the foe. How is he? How does he look? Wonderfully brisk and well. Active as one of his sixteen-year-old recruits. Does he hobble? Not he! But they talked of a stick. He has flung it away. Noble heart of Garibaldi! We believe he did so, though it helped him, because he would not at such a moment call to remembrance the miscreant shot at Aspromonte.

Speaking of that, a curious rumour has it that Colonel Pallavicini, through whose orders that evil deed was done, has offered his services upon the general's staff! It is added—but that is not so strange—that the magnanimous hero has accepted them. He went to Lecco this morning by the usual passenger-boat, and will return in the evening. Meanwhile, we can scrutinise the shirts of rose.

They are of all ages, from twelve to thirty-five, and of every shade of brown. Those young gentlemen, with eastern "fezes," faces almost Nubian, and demeanour somewhat subdued, are said to be deserters and refugees returned from Egypt, in the hope that, by taking gallant share in the impending struggle, they might be permitted to atone their fault. The government refused to make any pact with the children of Italy who had taken refuge on a foreign soil, but permitted them to volunteer. There are many noble-looking men among these volunteers, including veterans of twenty-five, decorated with three medals; but, as a general rule, they run small and young—so young, indeed, that we find it difficult to believe a barber who assures us that, in one evening, his receipts for shaving amounted to fifty-nine francs.

They have a long drill at five in the morning, and a shorter one in the afternoon. The rest of the time is at their own disposal, and it is most creditable to them that, as yet, no single instance of drunkenness, insubordination, or misconduct of any kind, can be laid to their charge—a circumstance the more noticeable, when we consider the results usually engendered by the combination of excitement and enforced idleness. But this movement is in reality exceptional, and cannot be judged by ordinary rules.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact, however, connected with these young men, is one that reached us from what seemed an authentic and intelligent source, that the whole body, seven thousand, spend in the shops and coffee-houses of the town thirty thousand francs a day! Now, their nominal pay being one franc and a tenth—subject to deductions—it follows that, unless friends at home have been very liberal, or shopkeepers at Como very confiding, but little cash will find its way with the Garibaldini into the Tyrol.

The corps are capitally dressed; the bright red frock, now become historical, is of excellent make and quality; and with the neat grey trousers with red seam, and red cap with a shade, something like that worn by the French,

they have the appearance of rather irregular regulars.

Were there any English among them? Hardly any—at least, at Como—and these are supposed to be the élite of the corps. The general likes to see his "medal-men" around him, one of these same youths proudly assures us. He has not encouraged the advances of British ex-officers who wished to join him. Loving the English, and appreciating their gallantry and steadiness in the field, he has an unpleasant recollection of the trouble and embarrassments attendant upon him in the last war, by the arrival of a body of gentlemen calling themselves a British legion, but entirely disdainful of command, even from their own officers, and whose first and last exploit seems to have been the shooting of one of the sentries of their ally! All applications from British officers are at once transferred to the minister of war, and hitherto not even the familiar faces of some who were the general's tried and trusted followers in the last war, have reappeared in his train.

In opposition to this, however, it must be stated that Madame Corti, while dining with her husband, two days since, at Garibaldi's table, heard him speak with approval of a suggestion that had been offered, with the view of employing the many English who had proffered their services. After all, let it be nevertheless remembered, that the struggle is peculiarly national, and that, so long as it finds alimient in the nation itself, foreign aid will but detract from its glory. In Sicily and Naples, any man, so he would fight, was welcome. Now, the only difficulty is to select from the warriors whom Italy herself presses to the front.

It is time to go down to the quay, and join the multitude who have been already some time on the look-out for the general. A gun! Another! The boat is in sight. All the unoccupied population not already on the spot, come trooping down, till the space is filled with a multitude swaying like a corn-field, thickly grown with poppies (the red shirts), and a few corn-flowers (the national guard).

There is a broad species of balcony, belonging to a house overlooking the landing-place—a capital place of vantage, could it only be reached, capable of holding several hundred spectators. It is necessary, however, to scramble up a wall twelve feet high, and then over a railing three feet higher. This exactly suits the Garibaldian element in the crowd. Forming the classic "tortoise," in a manner which Caesar himself would have approved, the young fellows mount over each other's backs, and the place is carried in a moment. The landlord utters an energetic protest from the window, but his voice is lost, and himself forgotten, in the tumult and enthusiasm, as the steamer sweeps alongside the pier, and the general's open carriage draws up to receive him.

There follows a remarkably long pause. The cheering languishes a little. Why does he not land?

"Il generale ha perduto il suo biglietto!"—

("The general has lost his ticket!")—is somebody's suggestion.

The carriage draws away. The general has been detained; will come by the second boat.

By the second boat he does come, and the frenzy of welcome that meets him, though he has only been absent since the morning, baffles all description. The air darkens with hats, caps, handkerchiefs, and flowers. Women who have nothing else wavable at hand, toss up their children, and the "evvivas" of the boyish soldiery are absolutely deafening.

Here he comes—the grand brave face—singular compound of lion and angel, bowing gently and sweetly to the crowded balconies, and occasionally giving a hand to the crowd below. He looks fresh and well, and, to all appearance, the only individual perfectly cool and at his ease, among us. There is something in the face of this glorious soldier that seems at once to give assurance of a soul so great and constant as to be beyond the power of any human eventuality whatever to injure or subdue.

His son, Ricciotti—less warlike than his martial brother, but not less worthy of his sire—accompanies him, and Canzio, the general's son-in-law. There, too, are Medici, Corti, Bezzi, and others, in brilliant staff-uniforms; and aides-de-camp, splendidly mounted, accompany the chief; for this is a very different affair from the scanty, ragged, and half-armed band with which he won his Sicily. Garibaldi is at the head of forty thousand of the choicest youths of regenerated Italy. Forty thousand more await his single word. He holds them in leash, as only he could hold such troops, and they will not disappoint him when he cries "Avanti!—spring!"

THE VINES.

WINTER was dead, and all the torpid earth

Was throbbing with the pulses of the Spring,

And cold was gone, and suffering and dearth,

And the glad fruit-trees at the blossoming:
And meads were green, and all the stalwart woods

Felt the sap rising from their mossy roots

To their proud crowns, whose coronet of buds

Burst with the morning into tender shoots

Of living verdure. Hid among the leaves

Of early foliated shrubs and ivied bushes,

And in warm crannies of the sheltering eaves

Sat on their nests the patient mother thrushes.

A cottage stood upon a south hill-side,

The sun looked down on it through the glad days,

Without, within, the mellow golden tide

Flowed in bright floods or penetrating rays,

And made a glory in each little chamber.

All reds warmed into rubies for the minute,

And every bit of yellow became amber,

The while the rays in passing lingered in it.

Beside the porch there grew a sturdy vine,

Rugged and knotted was the tough brown stem,

About the rustic pillars did he twine,

With garlands in the summer dressing them.

Proud was he of his beauty and his vigour,

And of his fragrant blossoms and sweet fruit,

He feared no bight, nor winter's sharpest rigour

To work him harm in stem, or branch, or root.

About his foot the little children played,

The sunbeams glinted through him on their hair,

Above, the sparrows twittered as they made

Their ragged nests, or fed their nestlings bare:

And all the household loved him. He had seen

Three generations born; the babes that lay

Cooling on mothers' laps i' the shadow green

Of his cool boughs he'd watched from day to day

Growing to well-knit youths and maidens comely,

Whispering and listening to lovers' vows,

Thence to staid men and quiet matrons homely,

And hoary elders white with age's snows.

A very patriarch of vines he flourished,

Tended by all with reverence and love,

As much by human care and tendance nourished

As by the showers from the skies above.

But now a change had come. Last autumn-tide,

When all his clusters were in ripest splendour,

A young man with a young wife by his side

Sat watching from the porch the moonlight

tender;

His arm was round her; on his shoulder lay

Her fair young head in perfect, blissful rest,

Softly around them stole the shadows grey,

While the last lustre faded from the west.

He raised his arm to the o'erhanging bough,

And plucked a cluster: "Dear old vine," he

said,

"Strong as he is, and hale and hearty now,

Can he outlive us? Will he not be dead

Before the baby-angel every day

Brings to us near and nearer, shall be grown

A sturdy youth, or maiden fair and gay—

Before our budding flower shall be blown?

Here, then, beside him let us plant and rear

A shoot that may in course of time succeed him,

That, as he wanes, shall flourish, year by year,

Reaching to ripeness as our children need him."

And so 'twas done: the venerable vine

No longer stood alone; his vigorous age

Was thus despised! his haleness called decline!—

Through all his fibres thrilled a jealous rage.

And now the Spring was come with all its dews

And all its tender showers and smiling lights,

And vivid earthly greens and skyey blues,

Its long sweet days, its brief and perfumed nights;

And the young vine, more forward than the old,

Was waking with the spring, each downy bud

Was softly swelling, ready to unfold

A rosy shoot, mantling with youthful blood.

The old vine looked upon it: all the hate

Winter had paralysed now quick awoke;

Must he then yield to this ignoble fate?

Was there not time yet for a final stroke?

Yes; like a serpent should his limbs enlace

His feeble rival, crushing out his breath;

With hideous semblance of a love embrace

Consigning him to slow and certain death.

Yes, such should be his vengeance. With that

thought

He drew from tender dews and balmy showers

All nourishment, and from the rich soil sought

Increasing strength to renovate his powers.

And, day by day, he near and nearer drew

To his young rival stretching a baleful arm,

Whose real aim the other never knew,

But deemed that kindness which was meant for

harm.

"Truly," he said, "O patriarch, I need

The aid thou offerest: my feebleness

So sorely presses on me that, indeed,

I bless the arm that seeks to make it less.

To thee I turn, to thee I gladly cling;
 Support me, aid me, let me closely twine
 Around thee and about thee, let me fling
 Aloft my tender limbs upheld by thine!"
 The old vine paused confounded: was it so
 His aim had been conceived of? should he prove
 Instead of trusted friend, malignant foe?
 Bring murderous hate in lieu of help and love?
 No! perish such a thought! henceforth his aim
 Should be to lend the vigour of his arm
 To rear the tender youngling, fan the flame
 Of kindling life, protect him 'gainst all harm.

And thus they grew together, each enlacing
 The other, mingling wreaths of tender leaves;
 Supported by their mutual embracing
 Each to the other strength and succour gives.
 And so the years drew onward, ever bringing
 Their meed of change; to youth maturity,
 The young life into fuller life upspringing,
 The aged feeling that the stern decrees
 That doomed it had gone forth: no more Spring's
 blessing

Could kiss it into bud and scented bloom;
 No longer summer's dear and warm caressing
 Restore lost strength, or save it from its doom.

"Wife," said the dweller in the cottage (Time
 Had gently dealt with him, a silver streak
 Marked here and there brown locks, yet manhood's
 prime

Still lingered in his frame; the matron's cheek
 A ruddier bloom displayed; the husband's arm
 Enclasped an ampler form in its embrace

Than that which in an evening still and warm
 Reclined upon him in that self-same place)—

"Wife, see the young vine planted on the day
 Our boy was born; 'tis twenty years ago;
 How both have thriven since that blessed May!
 A happy thought of mine, wife, was't not so,
 To plant it then? Our dear old vine, I knew,

Hale though it was, could not much longer last,
 Before the babe to early manhood grew,
 Its fruiting days would all be gone and past.

And now 'tis dead and only fit to make
 A fagot for the autumn evening hearth,
 Fetch me my axe, this very day I'll take
 Its sapless boughs and stem from off the earth."

He said, but said in vain. About, around
 The rugged stem, the branches dead and dry,
 The younger vine its limbs so close had wound,
 'Twere scarcely possible e'en to descry
 Where life and death united. Hate is strong,
 But strong true love can conquer strongest hate;
 Love's victories are as Truth's, bring right from
 wrong,

And wage successful war with Time and Fate.

MR. WHELKS COMBINING INSTRUCTION WITH AMUSEMENT.

WALKING down Regent-street one evening lately, we noticed Mr. Whelks turning into the Polytechnic Institution. He had cleaned himself for the occasion, and wore his best Sunday-going clothes, evidently in compliment to the instructive character of the entertainment he was about to witness. It did not appear to us that Mr. Whelks was going joyfully or hopefully to his evening's amusement. He looked subdued and depressed, as if he were labouring

under a saddening sense of the grave respect due to amusement when combined with instruction. There was that constrained manner about him which he exhibits in a marked degree when by some rare combination of forces he is drawn to church. He was not very sure about the etiquette proper to the place and the occasion; seemed to be doubtful about the propriety of keeping his hat on, after crossing the threshold; scraped and wiped his feet very much. It is just possible that Mr. Whelks's constraint was in some measure owing to the Sunday-going suit, which did not sit upon him as easily and gracefully as it might have done had nature and art been more lavish of the mould of form and the cut of cloth. Science is in itself sufficiently embarrassing to the untutored mind; but science, combined with a furry hat, a size too small, put on wrong side foremost, with the lining-string hanging down over the forehead, and coat-sleeves a size too long for the convenient exercise of the hands, is calculated to produce paralysis of the whole human system, physical as well as mental.

Mr. Whelks was decidedly nervous until he came in view of a refreshment counter, where the sight of a person drinking bottled stout, acting upon him like a touch of nature, gave him assurance that, though he was among scientific company, he was among kin. Cheering up a little at this pleasing spectacle, Mr. Whelks proceeded to view the "great geological model of the earth's crust," which, as there was no one at hand to offer any explanation of the subject, and as no crumb was mentioned, may have led Mr. Whelks to regard the earth in the light of a loaf that had been over-baked. Then, in the order of the programme, his attention was directed to the terrestrial globe, drawing-room fireworks, a "painting representing a group of ten feathers drawn by the late Miss Biffin, holding the pencil in her mouth," the cosmorama, the glass-working, the taking of impressions from fern-leaves by the new foliographic machine, a brick-making machine, china and glass mending by Mr. Davis, and the machinery in motion. Mr. Whelks was allowed exactly a quarter of an hour to make himself acquainted with all these wonders of nature, art, and science, including the small subject of the earth's crust. His inspection of them was necessarily hurried. With regard to the earth's crust, a cursory glance at the strata seemed to suggest nothing to Mr. Whelks except the idea which he expressed by saying that it was "rum," not in the substantive liquor sense, but in the adjectival sense of strange. And certainly in this view of the matter Mr. Whelks showed himself no unappreciative student of the wonders of nature. With regard to the cosmorama views, Mr. Whelks audibly declared that he had seen something nearly as good in a halfpenny peep-show, while as to the china and glass mending, which was the most active operation in progress, he thought he had frequently met with professors of the art in the New Cut,

though he could not call to mind that he had ever seen cement recommended by a clergyman, as it was here. The testimonial ran thus:

"The chairman of the Polytechnic Institution had a valuable vase repaired and perfectly restored by the cement, and strongly recommended it as a most effective cement, which a child, or domestic servant, might use successfully, and hide the misfortune of a fracture before the bane and antidote met the owner's eye, to mitigate his wrath and almost annihilate his annoyance"—which was a moral suggestion to Mr. Whelks, that if he ever broke any of his master's china goods, there was no occasion, while he possessed a bottle of this wonderful cement, to say anything about the matter. He had only to mend the fracture, and the owner would never know that the article had been broken; or, if he should discover it, his wrath would be mitigated, and his annoyance almost annihilated, by the wonderful restoration effected through the agency of Mr. Davis's cement.

From the contemplation of some mended sugar-basins and a halfpenny adhering to a piece of broken plate, Mr. Whelks was summoned to attend an optical lecture in the theatre, "introducing some further and wonderful discoveries of Sir David Brewster," &c. The theatre was a sombre, solemn-looking place, with the lights down. While the audience were taking their places, a band of three musicians smothered some tunes behind a red-baize curtain. The first part of the entertainment consisted of the adjustment of a magic lantern by three scientific brothers of the stage footman who comes on to place chairs, or lay the carpet, at the theatre. Then a stout—perhaps in this connexion we should say obese—lecturer came on, and blandly began to teach an imaginary infant school. He said that Sir David Brewster was a great man, had attained to the age of eighty-four years, was in the full possession of all his faculties, and had invented the stereoscope [which was invented by Wheatstone], and improved the kaleidoscope. He explained the principle of the kaleidoscope, and showed us some wonderful effects; first, by putting bits of coloured glass into the kaleidoscope; secondly, by using buttons and bits of sponge; thirdly, by employing hooks and eyes; the whole of this experiment concluding with a grand exhibition of pins and needles. When these effects were first shown to some boys, the lecturer informed us, they were greatly delighted, and, in telling their papa about them, said that the most beautiful figures were produced by all sorts of irregular forms thrown together in disorder. "Nay," said the boys' papa, "you must be wrong in your description; for without order there cannot be beauty," which showed that the sagacious parent divined the principle of the kaleidoscope. This portion of the entertainment concluded with a startling and wonderful optical illusion, entitled "Shakespeare and his Creations, Hamlet, Launce, and

Macbeth." With regard to Shakespeare, the lecturer ventured to say, by way of introduction, that he was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," "the observed of all observers," and that, "take him for all in all, we ne'er should look upon his like again." Further, he declared that "to take him inventorially would be to dizzy the brain" with the overwhelming details of his greatness; so we were invited to take him with an optical illusion, a few recitations from his works, and a little smothered music.

The curtain drew up, and discovered the immortal bard himself, in his habit as he lived, that is to say, in an Elizabethan suit of black; grown somewhat rusty with the wear and tear of nearly three centuries. There was no mistaking the forehead, the lay-down collar, and the fine-frenzied eye. The Immortal was illustrating another confirmed habit of his, by leaning on a pedestal and pointing to a scroll; and his apartment was adorned by a bust of himself, and another of Admiral Lord Nelson, as showing that he was not for an age, but for all time. Taking him thus inventorially, the brain of Mr. Whelks was indeed somewhat dizzied, for that gentleman was for a time in doubt whether the figure before him was a reality of flesh and blood, or the baseless fabric of a vision. It turned out to be a reality—a counterfeit presentment in the flesh, evidently selected from the great mass of mankind on account of a very high forehead, or perhaps we might say, a very bald head. Presently a head with a red velvet bust appeared among some glass, only requiring the accompaniment of a dish of shaving-paste, a few cakes of soap, and a tray of tooth-brushes, to realise the window of a Bond-street barber. Says the Immortal, with a start and a roll of his fine-frenzied eye, quoting his own works in a most egotistical manner, "Can such things be?" To which the head replies that there are more things in heaven and earth, including the Polytechnic Institution, than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the public in general. "Is this," says the Immortal, still staggered by the marvels of the barber's window, "is this the very coinage of the brain?" The head, unwilling, perhaps, to reveal the secret of the optical illusion, does not give a direct reply, but babbles something about "sleep," which sets the Immortal off quoting his own works at a fearful rate, but not always aptly: as when in reference to the head he says, there is a divinity that shapes our ends, &c., there being no end visible, either rough-hewn or shaped. The blind of the barber's shop window is now drawn down, to be raised after a few minutes on a new tableau. The window has been dressed with another bust. The face is bedaubed with red paint to represent Launce, who is weeping. Says William, the Immortal, "Why weepest thou, Launce?" "Boo-oo-oo," returns Launce, blubbing according to approved British drama principles; "I've lost my dog." The Immortal proceeds to console him with a quotation from his own works. "There

is a tide in the affairs of man," he says, "which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"—in allusion, possibly, to Launce's flood of tears, and the fortune likely to accrue to the Polytechnic Institution from the exhibition of the optical illusion. Hark! 'tis heavenly music! The smothered musicians behind the baize curtain strike up, "Where the bee sucks," causing Mr. Wheelks to remark that he shouldn't mind a sup o' summat himself. Then follows: A voice singing woollenly, "Where the bee sucks." The Immortal with his eyes on the ceiling, listening with admiration to his own verses. Blind down.

Blind up again. Poor Tom a-cold in the window, shivering more quotations. Tableau of the Immortal in his habit as he lived, leaning on pedestal, contemplating Admiral Lord Nelson sorrowfully, as if in regret that he, the Immortal, was not in a condition to write a nautical drama about him in competition for Mr. T. P. Cooke's prize of a hundred pounds. Blind down, and all over.

Shakespeare having retired, the lecturer ventures to come on again, and tells us how Sir Joshua Reynolds, than whom, &c., once painted a picture of a child in four aspects, as a cherub with wings; he (Sir Joshua) being too artistic to paint bodies. This, we are informed, will now be reproduced by a wonderful optical illusion. "I will see," says the lecturer, "if the cherubs are ready; and I promise to return as soon as possible." Faithless man! why did you break your promise, and never come back? It was Mr. Wheelks who said that you might have left him a lock of your hair in case he should never have the happiness of seeing you again, which he thought was probable. But presently we saw the cherubs suspended—not floating in the air, for they never moved from their position, and heard them sing a chorus by no means heavenly. Here the smothering musicians, unable to stand it any longer, popped their hands out from under the blankets, and refreshed themselves with what little drain of oxygen there was left in the theatre.

In this portion of the entertainment, amusement and instruction were so thoroughly blended that it was difficult to recognise either the one or the other in its own individual character. It is possible, we think, that a few of the spectators had at some early period of their lives been the happy possessors of sixpenny kaleidoscopes; nay, may even have constructed one of those wonderful optical instruments with an old pen-case, the covering of a marmalade pot, and three slips of smoked glass. As to Mr. Wheelks, if he were not already acquainted with the instrument, he would scarcely be rendered a better citizen, or better fitted for the seven-pound franchise, by witnessing the formation of patterns on a sheet by the agency of a magic lantern. With regard to the optical illusion, the barber's shop-window heads, and the floating cherubs, it struck us that a royal scientific institution had condescended to borrow a mere mechanical trick from Colonel Stodare, whom

science in its dignified moments would probably stigmatise as a "common conjuror."

The audience now, after a long struggle (alarmingly suggestive of what might occur in the case of fire), disgorged itself from the theatre, and returned to the grand hall to witness the descent of the diving-bell, and view again, according to the invitation of the programme, the terrestrial globe—why not the celestial this time, by way of variety?—and the drawing-room fireworks. While passing along to the diving-bell, Mr. Wheelks had a few minutes' leisure to inspect such treasures of art and industry as door-plates and handles, cups and saucers, black-lead pencils, cough lozenges, bottles of scent, and lucifer matches: the last asserting themselves scientifically by a warranty not to ignite except upon the box. Reviewing the globe from Indus to the Pole at a glance, Mr. Wheelks is in presence of the diving-bell. He is eager to make a sub-aqueous voyage to the bottom of the tank; but finding that there is an extra charge of one shilling for this scientific experience, denies himself the pleasure. There is a decided backwardness in coming forward to take seats in the bell: which is not astonishing, seeing that the bell has been a leading feature of the entertainments at the Royal Polytechnic Institution for at least a quarter of a century. At length, however, five persons are induced to pay their money and take their seats. The crank is worked, the bell is swung from its perch. It descends and disappears amid air-bubbles: female portion of the spectators giggle; bell reappears, and is swung back to its place; divers come out with flushed faces, and on being questioned as to what it was like, give brief unsatisfactory replies and hurry away, evidently to evade cross-questioning. Ten minutes having been allowed for the terrestrial globe, the diving-bell, &c., Mr. Wheelks is summoned to another theatre, to be amused with "A new Vocal, Instrumental, Descriptive, and Dioramic Entertainment, founded upon Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem of the Lady of the Lake;" and, as he is passing along, the cement-man, seductively exhibiting his restored sugar basins and adhesive half-penny, invites him to buy a packet of that which "hides the misfortune of a fracture before the bane and the antidote meet the owner's eye, to mitigate his wrath and almost annihilate his annoyance."

Again a solemn sombre-looking place, with the lights down: not a little suggestive of awful preparations for making free and accepted masons, according to the popular notions of the ceremony. The magic lantern, once more the leading star of the performance. Sir Walter Scott, and the clever artist who is engaged to read and illustrate his work, both being condemned to wait upon and feed the magic lantern. The recital of the poem must keep time with the manipulation of the slides, compelling James Fitzjames, lyrically, to go through the whole of his adventures at a gallop, and in the dark, the whole concluding with "two spectral or ghost

scenes," one of them representing Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu before they have arrived at a ghostly condition of existence, fighting their celebrated combat. We could not help thinking—and we saw clearly that Mr. Wheelks was of our opinion—that singular ingenuity had been exercised in rendering the performance (capable, under reasonable conditions, of being made exceedingly pleasant and agreeable) as dull and depressing as possible. Science, in the horrid form of the magic lantern, sat upon the meritorious performer and his audience like a nightmare, making even the lovely Ellen appear hideous; and some time before the curtain fell, Mr. Wheelks took his departure with a sigh of relief.

This being the whole of the entertainment, with the exception of the performance of "the man with many voices," who was an excellent and droll ventriloquist, we felt that we had witnessed at once more entertaining and more elevating performances at the Polytechnic Institution in the days of its infancy, when science was not so far advanced or so astonishing as it is at the present time; and that the effort to combine very mild amusements with very feeble science was, in its results, not quite worthy of a Royal Institution founded for the diffusion of useful knowledge combined with pleasant entertainment.

MENDING THE CITY'S WAYS.

If time be money, then what an enormous amount of time is lost every day where we should least expect it—in the City of London! Every day, a great army proceeds into and returns out of the City, an army on foot and wheels little less than three-quarters of a million in number, all intent on business, all (the exceptional idlers are so few that they are not worth notice) anxious to get to work and to finish the work in hand. But, within certain well-known limits, haste and impatience are irritated by irresistible delay. The foot-passenger moves encumbered by a crowd, while as to wheeled conveyances, the slowest waggons are made more slow by perpetual halts, and the swiftest carriages lose all possible advantages of pace by being reduced to the walk of the slowest.

The cause of the difficulty is not far to seek. London, the centre of the commerce of the world, "stands upon ancient ways." In the course of a century which has multiplied the commercial and financial business of the City more than a hundred-fold, the construction of new and the widening of old thoroughfares has been practically insignificant. As the strength of a chain depends on its weakest link, so the value of a thoroughfare must be measured by its narrowest strait. Thus all traffic going west from, or east to, the Bank must push through the Poultry, twenty-four feet wide in the roadway; and all going north and south from between the Bank and

Southwark must cross London-bridge, fifty-four feet wide, footpaths included. The City of London, the special seat of the congestion of traffic under consideration, is as nearly as possible one mile square, and contains a resident population which, although it has steadily diminished for the last sixteen years, is still more dense per acre than any other district of the metropolis of three millions of inhabitants and more than one hundred miles square. For more than sixty years the population of the City proper has been fluctuating decennially up and down, but for the last sixteen years it has steadily diminished.

In 1801 the population of the City was nearly at its highest point—one hundred and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred. In the next ten years it decreased by more than seven thousand; in the next ten years, ending in 1821, it had recovered four thousand of the lost numbers; in 1831 it had declined below one hundred and twenty-four thousand. By 1857 the population had risen to over one hundred and twenty-nine thousand; and in 1861, the date of the last census, had fallen to one hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty-seven; since which date it is believed that the destruction of dwelling-houses, and the construction of warehouses and offices on their site, have still further lessened the number of sleepers who pass their nights in the City.

During the latter half of this century, two opposite influences have been at work. Omnibuses, cheap private carriages, and suburban railways, have drawn citizens from the rooms over shops, to a gradually widening circle round London, of villas and cottages, terraces and towns, made accessible by good roads, regular public conveyances, and an efficient police; while, during the same period, the growth of commerce and the increase of moneyed as distinguished from landed investments, and the facilities of travelling, have brought a new numerous class of daily visitors to do business in the City—to purchase, sell, or invest. The west has business in the east; the countryman does his own work in London, and the meaning of the jokes of old-fashioned gentee comedy, on citizens and clowns, who got bewildered and robbed in London, is lost to that numerous modern class whose reading is confined to newspapers. The country squire, the country shopkeeper, the farmer, the country lawyer, all find their way to the City now and then, as well as the trader, the professional and the idle, and the noble and fashionable dwellers in the west or court end of the metropolis.

The obstruction of traffic, with consequent loss of time, has become more than a nuisance; it threatens to become a national loss, unless some decided steps are taken for relieving the rising tide of City street traffic, which each annual increase of surplus capital tends to swell. Two dates give us the rate of increase of the daily visitors of London proper. In 1848, before the railway network had been developed

beyond a few main trunk lines, upon a day in May, the total number of persons entering the City between eight o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the evening was three hundred and fifteen thousand. Twelve years afterwards, in the same month, the total number had risen to seven hundred and six thousand—that is to say, a number equal to more than one-fifth of the whole population of the metropolis, and three times the whole population of Liverpool. These people arrived by forty-eight entrances, of which three were bridges and thirty-three carriage-ways with footways. Of the whole number, one hundred and seventy-one thousand were conveyed in wheeled conveyances of some kind, and the rest made their way into town on foot.

That many persons out of these multitudes are maimed and killed is not amazing, when we find that there crossed at the junction of Cornhill, Leadenhall, and Gracechurch-street more than twenty-eight thousand persons; at the Ludgate-hill and Farringdon-street junction, more than thirty-seven thousand; at King William-street and Cannon-street central junction, more than forty-two thousand; and opposite the Mansion House, more than fifty-six thousand.

On the footpath, although incommoded, fatigued, and delayed, except at crossings, limb and life are in no danger. As to the wheeled traffic, supposing we commence our journey at the west, it flows with tolerable regularity by two great streams along the Strand and Holborn. The Strand stream meets its first dead lock at Temple Bar, and, between that hideous and perfectly useless obstruction and St. Mary-le-Strand, creeps painfully along Fleet-street, with many pauses and bumps, after receiving and giving auxiliary currents at Chancery-lane, until it reaches the quadruple crossing of Farringdon-street and Blackfriars, with its railway stations and complement of railway cabs—then pushes up Ludgate-hill and through St. Paul's-churchyard—and, losing a very slight stream at Cannon-street, arrives at the mouth of Cheapside, to be swollen by the branch stream which, after leaving wide Holborn, has been squeezed through Newgate-street. From Cheapside, the straits of the Poultry have to be passed into what is called Mansion House-street, which ought to be a square or circus. Thence, the first outlet is when the Thames has to be crossed, though there is a sure jam on London-bridge, and some frightful slippery work in King William-street; but if it be necessary to pass the Bank and proceed toward the north-east, then there are the straits of Threadneedle-street, where two omnibuses, by help of sidings, can just manage to pass each other. To continue eastward, the dangers of the crossing between Gracechurch-street and Bishopsgate have to be encountered.

It was once thought that railways, by taking stage-coaches off the road and bringing stations to which passengers might walk instead of ride, would diminish the demand for cabs and

carriages, and by so much clear the streets; but, up to the present time, the railroads seem to have created two for every one set of wheels they were supposed to put down. Waggons, carts, and vans, to deliver the goods ordered by penny-post and brought by locomotion, are more numerous than ever. Suburban residence has created within this generation a contingent of light carts which encumber the streets at all hours—butchers, bakers, grocers, fishmongers, wine-merchants, and, not least, the donkey-drawn costermonger-truck. The effect may be traced on London-bridge, which, relieved of traffic by various changes, still draws increasing numbers across this great gate between Middlesex and Essex and Surrey and Kent.

In 1850 the wheeled traffic over London-bridge, in twelve hours of the day, was thirteen thousand. In 1860 the Brighton Railway relieved this traffic by opening a West-end station at Pimlico. In 1864 the South-Eastern opened a station at Charing-cross. In the same year, New Southwark-street opened by Blackfriars-road a short clear route from Westminster, which was used by five thousand seven hundred vehicles. Late in the same year Southwark-bridge was opened free, and its wheeled traffic rose from one thousand to four thousand seven hundred. In the face of these successive tapings of the main stream, the wheeled traffic of London-bridge increased to sixteen thousand in 1860, and to nineteen thousand four hundred in 1865. Thus it is plain that the business of the two sides of the City Thames grows faster than the means for diverting traffic.

Under these circumstances, with the near prospect of the period when it will be half a day's journey to get a cart or cab through the City, it is not unreasonable to inquire what has been done, what is doing, and what must be done, in the City. For it is evident that the City holds the key of the situation.

Many years ago, the improvement of Cannon-street was carried out as a relief to Cheapside; but Cannon-street has, at its western end, the narrow straits of St. Paul's Cathedral; but upon its eastern end, London-bridge and the alleys—they can scarcely be called streets—that lead to the Tower Hamlets, the half million sterling the improvement cost has not produced much effect on a traffic which is constantly increasing. Very slowly and bit by bit, as might be expected where land is valued by the inch—parts of Newgate-street have been widened almost to fifty feet; but already the traffic demands a width of seventy feet, on ordinary days. On market-days it is absolutely closed by Common Council order. The new street from Southwark, made by the Metropolitan Board to relieve the Strand and the line to London-bridge of the Lambeth and Westminster traffic, has been assisted, as far as cab-passengers are concerned, by the stations at Pimlico, Charing-cross, and Ludgate, which receive passengers who formerly were all compelled to pass to the south side of London-bridge. The new stations at Farringdon-street, Finsbury-pavement, and

Broad-street, all save the cab journeys of those who formerly travelled to the northern and western stations; but then again they also create cab and omnibus traffic by the new tribe of season-ticket holders whom they call into existence. Very soon, if the ravages of financial crashes do not extend beyond present calculation, Finsbury and Farringdon stations will represent links of a chain moving perpetually round London, with regular stoppages of omnibus trains at the Tower and Cannon-street, Blackfriars, Westminster, Piccadilly, South Kensington, Kensington proper, and so on to Notting-hill and back to the City—a circle of which it may be prophesied that it will create at least as much traffic as it consumes, probably more. As part and partner of this omnibus line is the roadway of the Thames Embankment, stretching from Chelsea to Blackfriars New Bridge, and forming the origin of a new street which is to cross Cannon-street and open a clear roadway to the Bank. There the additional multitude produced by the convenience is to find its way as best it can through narrow crowded streets leading from the Bank to the south and to the east.

And here let us do justice to the memory of a man who was the true editor, though not the author, of metropolitan railways—a man who had ambition and invention enough to be at once the Napoleon and Haussman of City improvements—Charles Pearson—if he could only have found a Chancellor of Exchequer. Charles Pearson devised a gigantic central station for all the railways of London—wonderfully ingenious and perfectly impracticable, for to get to and from such station would have required an open area counted in tens of acres. But the impossible led him to the possible. Taking up the cause of the Subterranean Railway, he succeeded in inoculating the slow-debating, often-feeding, and seldom-doing Common Council of London, with his enthusiasm; and he made them, by a timely subscription of two hundred thousand pounds in shares, resurrectionise and galvanise into life the then more than half-dead and quite insolvent Underground Railway. The legality of the transaction has been often disputed; of its wisdom as a piece of bold municipal administration there can be no more question than of its financial success. A wilderness in Clerkenwell made valuable, and a profit realised on the opening of the line which defrayed all the City splendour, feasting, and largesse, attendant on the wedding of the Prince of Wales. Charles Pearson was a man of great eloquence, but it was commonly said that he owed his success on this question, greatly to his knowledge of the art of dining, and of after-dinner conversation. Therefore there was something suitable in expending on feasting what had been extracted at feasts.

The Corporation of London was apparently exhausted by this effort of wise enterprise, and until very lately satisfied with going through

the forms of its little parliament—little for a parliament, but large for a City council—and performing its usual duties of a mutual admiration, toast-proposing society.

It would be strange if two hundred and seventy-five councillors, administering a square mile of houses, and assisted by seventy-five commissioners, did not fall back on talk, to show their respective value; for what could so many do, in real work? But the speech-makers of Guildhall were stimulated into action by the invasions of their West-end rivals, the Metropolitan Board, with its Thames Embankment, and new street to the Mansion House.

The site chosen for action was Holborn valley. The project for widening that instrument of torture to horses in harness had for forty years and more been under the consideration of the Corporation—longer even than the brick wilderness of Clerkenwell and Farringdon. With unusual activity, racing against their formidable competitors, they put themselves under the professional guidance of an engineer borrowed for the occasion from the Commissioners of Sewers—Mr. William Haywood—to whom every street and alley, drain and sewer, of London was familiar as the books in his library. Parliamentary powers were soon obtained to clear away the existing streets, and, by a viaduct, to make a level roadway from St. Andrew's, Holborn, to Newgate Prison, with access from the thoroughfares intersected below.

After the usual delay, and an almost comic contest on the question whether or not an official plan of vague and uncertain cost, eccentric character, great taste on paper, and perfectly unpracticable, or the design of the engineer before named with a certain saving of a hundred thousand pounds, should be selected, common sense and economy carried the day in the face of that horror of common councilmen, "a paid officer admitted to be wiser than a committee." William Haywood having been specially engaged to carry out his original design, this viaduct is now in steady progress.

Soon after the plan of the Holborn Viaduct had been placed in the hands of the contractors, it occurred to the Commissioners of Sewers (which is a sort of overgrown committee of works, of ancient pedigree), that while both the Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works were working hard to make the ways between the west of the metropolis and the centre of the City easy of access, nothing had been done to let the crowds out, east and south. The result was a report* from the engineer, to which we are indebted for our figures, and in which the difficulties and necessities of the City, and the essential and not to be deferred remedies, are plainly set down.

* Report to the Honourable Commissioners of Sewers on the Traffic and Improvements in the Public Ways of the City of London.

Police arrangements can only mitigate an intolerable and increasing evil. No number of police, no police regulations, can squeeze a quart into a pint. Subterranean railways, at a cost of half a million a mile, may do something to diminish the wheeled traffic; but, so far, they have increased the goods traffic of the streets.

At present, says the Report, "within the City, there is hardly a leading thoroughfare which is equal to the traffic that passes through it." And this is not extraordinary, when it is considered that a number equal to half the male population of the whole metropolis, daily pass in and out of the one square mile composing the City.

The only real remedies after the formation of new thoroughfares, and the widening of those in existence, would be, Mr. Haywood lays down as of pressing importance, the construction of two new outlets.

The densest streams of traffic might be traced from a balloon, flowing along a few lines between the north and south, and between the east and west. At present all the traffic which passes the Bank without halting there, must go through the narrow defiles which, as it were, protect that edifice in a military point of view.

Mr. Haywood proposes to tap the most important branch of the great stream which now flows through Newgate-street into Cheapside, at the east end of his Holborn Viaduct, by a new street seventy feet wide (for busy traffic, he considers a greater breadth a mistake), which would cross St. Martin's-le-Grand north of the Post-office, cross Moorgate-street, near Finsbury, absorb and widen London-wall, cross Bishopsgate-street-within and the classic regions of Houndsditch and Petticoat-lane, and, at White-chapel High-street, emerge exactly opposite the new street now being constructed by the Metropolitan Board of Works to the Commercial-road, which serves all the populous and busy Dock region.

To understand the importance of this proposal, the reader has only to take a map of London, and trace a line upon it by the above directions. This street would be level, and about a mile and a quarter long.

The only building of importance destroyed would be Christ's Hospital. The sooner that great charity boarding-school follows Charter House to green fields and running water, the better for the charity, for education, and for the funds of the school.

The principal stream of north-south traffic, created by a commerce daily increasing, finds its way by slow degrees over London-bridge. Southwark-bridge, occupying a sort of corner with very steep gradients on the Middlesex side, is used chiefly for foot-passengers and light vehicles. Blackfriars-bridge, with excellent means of access, will, in its new shape, be equal to any probable demand upon its capacity. But London-bridge is the one broad way for the dense and spe-

cially commercial population which clusters along the Thames and its docks on both sides, and spreads far into Essex on the north, and to Kent, on the south side, five miles. The combined population served by one bridge, with a carriage-way of only thirty-five feet width, approaches a million. But figures do not present the traffic arising from ships from every port in the world, bringing and taking away cargoes. To spoil the bridge (architecturally) by taking in the footpath would only add nineteen feet to the roadway. Therefore Mr. Haywood—practical man as he is, and fully counting the cost—concludes that there is but one remedy for this profit-eating congestion of traffic: a new bridge—lower down than London-bridge. This bridge should be on the eastern side of the Tower, and, with its approaches, would open a clear line between Shoreditch and the Old Kent-road. Thus serving all the heavy dock traffic on both sides of the river.

Such are the ideas of an engineer and architect whose whole life has been spent in studying and working out the wants of the City. They are costly, as every City improvement must be; but the character and experience of the author guarantee that they are not extravagant. He knows the value of every brick he proposes to remove.

The first and greatest difficulty will be to make the municipal authorities feel how certainly their existence depends on real work. For if, as heretofore, they only deliver flutulent, ungrammatical speeches, others will take their powers and their means, and leave them only their bare benches and their ample dinners.

The next difficulty lies in the want of funds.

Paris has an emperor, a prefect, and a city tax (octroi) on all that is eaten and drunk and burned within its limits. The emperor and the prefect (practically there is a municipal council, but it only advises softly), with a map, settle the broad ways and the near cuts. Let any one compare a map of Paris for 1852 and 1862 to see what has been done.

The octroi produces something like three millions sterling every year, and on this income a proportionate debt is raised. So far, the revenue has risen faster than the expenditure. Paris, made clean and splendid, attracts visitors and workmen to serve visitors and execute improvements, who consume: thus creating and paying the taxes destined to new improvements. In London a coal-tax, divided between the rival powers, the Common Council and the Metropolitan Board, produces some three hundred thousand a year, to aid local taxation. Therefore London cannot rival Paris. But if the City had, instead of its overgrown little parliament, a compact council like Liverpool or Leeds, these two ideas of Mr. Haywood would soon assume a brick-and-mortar shape, and, on the strength of such outward and visible signs of strength, the citizens of London might confidently

count on the perpetual reign of their ancient (and reformed) Lord Mayor and common councilmen.

MY THREE ROSES.

YEARS since, when we were children, my mother took for the summer one of the many charming chalets by the Lake of Geneva. It peeped from a mass of flowers like a toy-house in the centre of a bouquet. The little hamlet in the vicinity seemed built up at random, within a garden. Even the old church, perched high up on the hills, was surrounded with flowering shrubs. It was a kindly neighbourhood, and all the residents visited my mother on the spot. Out of their families came forth my three especial playfellows, Rose Seville, Rose Grahame, and Rose Fonnereau. As I write their names, they steal, with my departed youth, like spirits to my side. Soon I hear their gay singing, and the little feet that never walked except to church pattering and dancing up the garden ways.

I, Frank, was the only representative of my sex among this merry band, was respected as a great authority and infallible referee, and had my own way in everything. Our favourite walk was to the cemetery, than which no palace garden was ever richer in sweet flowers. Long before we approached its sacred precincts, the air was laden with their fragrance. There was nothing melancholy to us in that delightful garden of rest. We had never seen death. We only felt we should be quiet, and not noisy and playful there, as in the presence of something holy. It was a kind of church to us, and while we revered it as much, I am afraid we enjoyed it more.

Sometimes we would come suddenly upon black prostrate figures, still and quiet like everything around; and the graves at which we had noticed these mute mourners had an especial interest, for the time.

Our French nurse, however, introduced us to a tomb that had a melancholy charm beyond all others. Until we came, no flower or garland had ever been placed upon it. Only a solitary willow sapling had been planted there, and that had died at once. There was a name, known to the world, and even to us; a date, and, deeply cut in larger letters, the single word "Proscrit."

I remember that we all stood weeping by his grave, as the nurse related to us the patriot's story. All that summer, we laid fresh garlands on his tomb, and, whether he knew it or not, never failed to wave an adieu to him as we left the gates.

That bright summer passed but too quickly away. We were often on the lake, sailing past Chillon, our great delight being to fraternise, by friendly signs, with the prisoners therein confined. There was something pleasantly mysterious in their dark figures, half concealed behind the iron bars. Once we had a great alarm.

In apparent answer to our amicable demonstrations, a formidable-looking instrument was protruded from the barred casement. Were they going to fire upon us? No. Our boatman hastened to assure us it was only a fishing-rod, the use of which was permitted by a paternal government, to pass away the time. But at no time did we ever observe a trout ascending to that lofty fishing-bank.

Thus feeling, as I am sure we did, the beauty and grandeur of the scenes surrounding us, though without any artistic appreciation of them, we whiled away that happy summer, until a certain crispness and flippancy in the breeze that came from the neighbouring hills, reminded us that summer delights were over, and autumn begun.

My mother prolonged her stay as much as possible; but, one morning, behold our rose-trees bending under pure white robes of snow! This was a hint not to be mistaken. In three days we were to go. We did what we could. We suddenly made a snow man, and so successfully that we deemed him worthy of the name of William Tell, and left him there, gazing with his black pebble eyes towards the crags and peaks he loved so well.

For ourselves, we were to go to a spot where snow was never seen, and there was sunshine for my mother the whole winter long. Our last days at Clarens were somewhat sad. I had to separate from my playfellows, for my suggestion to take the three Roses with us was overruled by the respective parents of those flowers, as well as my own. We made a last pilgrimage together to the grave of the "Proscrit," and deposited thereon a wreath of evergreens of prodigious size, while the three Roses and my little sister—Rose Mary (who was, however, too small to be regarded as a regular Rose)—mingled their tears, and those who were to remain pledged themselves to remember the "Proscrit" for our sake, as well as his own. With this unselfish bond we parted, crying (I will confess it) till we could cry no more, and of the many partings since, I can recal but *one* as bitter.

The only male friend I had left at Clarens was the young doctor of the village who had attended my mother, and often took me as his companion in his long professional drives or walks among the hills. He was full of life, as merry as a boy, and glad of any excuse to run races and jump ditches with me.

I corresponded with him after our separation, at first in round text and a succession of abrupt sentences, always ending with "my love to the Roses." As time went on, I had more subjects of interest to dilate upon. His replies had a great charm for me, and, when my mother died, *his* was the one letter that broke the dull apathy of grief into which I had fallen, and taught me a healthier sorrow.

"You are ill," he said, in his last letter; "I believe I can cure you. Leave London tomorrow, and, accidents apart, be with me on Thursday."

I obeyed; and thus, after an interval of just twenty years, returned to Clarens.

I found my excellent friend fatter than I could have imagined. Friends so often omit to mention the personal changes that are taking place in them, and photographs were at this time unknown. His hair was curiously streaked with white, as if he had dyed it with an unsteady hand, but there was the same kind beaming face, and the grasp of his hand was cordial, almost to pain. He had loved my mother, and our first talk was all of her. Insensibly we glided into other topics—old scenes and adventures—until, at last, I inquired for “the Roses.”

“They are here—all here,” he answered. “Rose Sebille, Rose Fonnereau, and—Rose Grahame; but,” he added, gravely, “we will visit *her* last.”

As we sat that evening in the familiar balcony, looking on the blue lake, and glancing every instant towards a chalet half buried in trees and flowers, and fraught with so many a sweet and sacred recollection, I learned the story of the first of my three bright roses, Rose Fonnereau.

We could discern, in the twilight, a grand old château frowning down upon us from an adjacent hill, though, to be literally correct, it presently began to shine and glisten in the rising moonlight, as only a Swiss château can. I knew it well, of course—knew its feudal history, its secret crypts, its torture-tower, its dungeons. It had been, in my time, the paradise of bats and boys—its dark recesses offering splendid facilities for hide-and-seek. I knew the horrible post, scarred and scorched, to which victims, in old times, were bound, while hot coals were applied to their feet. Happier times succeeding, the torture-chamber had become our chief playroom, while the lower prisons discharged the genial office of wine-cellar.

Ten years before, Rose Fonnereau had become the wife of the young heir of this place. The rejoicings had lasted three days—garlands, flags, coloured lamps, and fireworks turning the little village into a perfect fair. There was music and dancing for the young and agile, wine and other comforts for the poor, the inimitable cannon, whose voice is never mute in Switzerland upon the slightest disturbance; and thus was Rose Fonnereau, the beautiful and beloved, conducted to her husband’s stately home.

Rose became the idol of the house. She was like a sunbeam that had found its way within those sombre walls to warm and cheer, and not one escaped its influence. Her husband had sole charge of the estate, his father, though living, being in feeble health. But once every year he went alone upon a rambling excursion on the Alps.

Five years since, he took his knapsack and alpenstock, and departed on his annual march, his Rose accompanying him some distance along the road, and returning alone in tears, for

she always dreaded those lonely wanderings of his. He had promised to write continually, and requested that his letters should be addressed to a distant village across the mountains he intended to explore.

Rose never beheld him more. She knew not if he wandered, lost and starved to death upon the snow, or if his death was quick and unexpected, falling from some terrific peak, or whelmed in an avalanche, or, worse fate, murdered by some unknown hand. All that love and sorrow could devise was put in action, and, for months, the mountain-paths and plateaux were followed and searched; but without success. Once only was he heard of. He had hired a guide to take him to a village, situated beyond a dangerous and difficult pass—the village to which his letters were to be directed.

Four years later some human remains were found, by shepherds or hunters, in the neighbourhood of the pass, but some distance from the ordinary road, and without a shred or relic of any kind to identify the victim, unless a slight peculiarity in the jaw could be relied upon as proof that it was indeed Rose’s husband, who had been injured in his youth by the kick of a horse in the face. At all events, it convinced *her*, and the remains were laid reverently to rest in the cemetery.

“I also,” said the doctor, “believe it to be him. The guide with whom he ascended that fatal path was suspected, and questioned, and, though nothing was elicited to incriminate him, he was for a long time under surveillance. He was an ill-looking fellow, and bore the worst character in the village. The man’s account was that the traveller had dismissed him when actually within sight of the village to which he was proceeding, and was last seen descending the path leading thither. It was, however, a significant fact that his watch, chain, rings, and money, as well as all the more perishable part of his equipment, had disappeared, when the remains were found. His father expired on the day following the interment of his son’s remains, and the mother is, I fear, dying. As for Rose, she is mistress of the castle, and guardian to her boy, beloved by all around her. You shall see her to-day.”

After this story, a perfectly true one, we sat for a little time in silence, watching the fatal mountain and the grim old château, with its turrets for the moment kissed into silver by the cold bright moon. Then the doctor, who was always depressed by the reminiscence he had just recounted, rose hurriedly, and, with an effort to be gay, wished me good night and pleasant dreams.

My dreams were *not* pleasant. They hovered incessantly between a death-struggle on the mountains and a white face looking out into the moonlight, keeping, from habit, a dreary watch, though hope was dead.

Next morning, at breakfast, a note was handed to the doctor, who laughed, and passed it to me.

“Come, Frank, your walk among the Roses

begins forthwith. We will be off in ten minutes."

The note, Englished, ran thus :

"Dear Sir. Pray come at once. Marie has cut off the top of her thumb. Receive, dear sir, the assurance of my very high consideration."

"R. STAMFFER."

We were quickly ready, and in the carriage.

"Well," said the doctor, "you certainly take things calmly enough. I expected to find you in a fever of excitement and impatience."

"Me? Why so? What has this rather dirty little note to do with me? And who upon earth is 'R. Stamffer?'"

"Is there no instinct in human affection," asked the doctor, with assumed gravity, "that might whisper to you that this note is from no less a person than Rose Seville? She married Karl Stamffer, a German Swiss, about eight years since, and is, I assure you, a model housewife—a perfect 'meat-mother,' as the Germans say. She has five children, is grown very fat, and—My dear Frank, you look quite pale. What's the matter?"

"I—well, I don't know exactly," I replied. "All these changes have come about unobserved by you. I had in my mind a little bright-haired fairy in short frocks and trousers, whose flounces were, day after day, distributed among the brambles in our haunts of play. And now—Well, well."

We drove through the old scenes—past our chalet, past the gate, and the path where Rose Seville, who had become Stamffer, sobbed out her adieux, with the rest—past the old plane-tree avenue, and the little pier on which I had passed many an hour catching little pale-green spectres of fish, the like of which I have never met with elsewhere. Then on past Chillon, always at our side the deep blue lake, and, beyond, the royal Alps of Savoy, crowned with cloud and snow, and smiling or frowning as the sunshine or the shadows fell.

"There is Rose Stamffer's mansion," said my companion, pointing to a pretty chalet on the side of a hill.

We left the high road and turned into the approach, under the cool shade of an avenue of limes. It really seemed a delicious spot.

There was a large court or farm-yard at the side of the house, across which people were hastily passing and re-passing. Evidently something of an exciting nature was going forward. We rang a large bell, which gave forth what seemed an unnecessarily vociferous peal, and was responded to by several dogs, that burst forth barking furiously. Then appeared a female form, with bare and reddish arms, a wide good-natured face, fringed all round with little light curls, and a waist of considerable size, girt with a discoloured apron, which the wearer sought to undo, but, failing, tried it up round her portly form.

"I am so glad to see you, doctor," she called out, in a voice which, though sweet, was

certainly loud. "Marie has cut off the top of her thumb, and I am sure you can sew it on nicely again! How untidy I am!" (This in a series of melodious shouts.) "I am not fit to see anybody! We have just killed a pig, and we are going to cut him up! Madame G—'s young ladies are come to help us with the sausages! I beg your pardon, sir" (to me); "pray walk in. This way."

I saw my friend suppressing his laughter as we went away—stumbling over chairs, benches, &c., that had been brought into the passages from the kitchen, to be out of the way of the porcine solemnities, to which, in middle-class Swiss establishments, everything succumbs at least once a year.

Presently the suffering Marie, accompanied by the top of her thumb, was conducted into the room. She had endured much pain, and—after the manner of the poorer Swiss, when attacked by malady in any part of their frames—had tied a handkerchief over her head!

The thumb was quickly restored to its pristine shape; and then the doctor, turning gravely to the stout lady with the rosy arms, quietly observed :

"Madame Stamffer, here is a gentleman who desires to kiss your hand! Surely you remember Frank C.?"

There was a little scream, or rather shout—a merry laugh, and both my hands were in the grasp of Rose Seville. Soundly shaken they were, and it was with labour and difficulty, by flashes, as it seemed, that I began to recognise in this huge hearty woman my fairy Rose. Then, too, that horrible pig loomed over the scene, and, even while the little volume of our youth began to open before us, the duties owing to the yet undismembered brute fell like a shadow across the page.

Maid Marie, who had discarded her handkerchief and her tears together, now reappeared, and, making two imaginary gashes across her mottled arm, whispered anxiously in her mistress's ear.

Taking this as a signal to depart, we rose; but our hostess had no idea of parting with so old an ally.

"You must stay with us, dear Mr. Frank—dear Frank—and indeed you can be of the greatest service to us, for M. Stamffer is gone to Berne, not to return till to-morrow, and hands are scarce."

I looked at Marie's decapitated thumb, and thought my own might become scarcer. But Rose would take no denial.

"Let the doctor go his rounds, and join us at dinner at six. You can drive home by moonlight."

Thus it was settled. The doctor drove his way, and I was conducted to the scene of recent slaughter.

Dear Rose! She called me Frank, as she had done twenty years ago, and her pleasure at the meeting was honest and unfeigned. She was in the highest spirits. The children

had gone on a visit to a neighbour, to be out of the way in pig-week, and she had nothing to divert her attention from the pig and me.

In a large kitchen, seated about a table, were about a dozen girls, while several ladies of riper years hovered about, brandishing large knives, like scimitars, and the disabled Marie haunted, like an unquiet spirit, the scene of her former exploits.

Rose, as she entered, armed herself hastily, as if the pig were still alive and standing desperately at bay. Then she introduced me, as an old and valued friend, to most of the assembled company, including the pastor's daughter, the prefect's widow, and the syndic's wife.

The schoolgirls were merely neophytes, and had come to be initiated by the elder priestesses into the mysteries of this horrible sacrifice. I bowed to the ladies and to circumstances; but there, stark and ghastly, reclined upon the table the miserable pig, and seemed to concentrate all my faculties, by a horrible fascination, upon itself.

I was conscious of a voice remarking complacently that all had been "magnifiquement arrangé," and that now they would begin, in reply to which everybody said "très-bien," and so did I. I remember that, stooping for my hat to prepare for flight, a small finely tempered hatchet was slid into my hand.

Seeing that I was suspected, I took a stern resolution, and, bracing my nerves up to the occasion, determined to be priest, butcher, anything but the object of ridicule of the impatient assembly.

"Let me begin!" I said, striding forward, and, waving my hatchet in the air, with a wild war-whoop I shut my eyes and struck a savage blow. A shrill scream arose. I had missed the brute's body, and only cut off an ear.

Rose applauded my zeal, but, with some mistrust of my skill, undertook to direct my further operations. The hatchet and the post of honour had (she said) been unanimously assigned to me, and I must do my best.

I decline to state, minutely, to what that amounted. I believe that, had the pig been alive, and sensible of the playful havoc I was making with his carcase, I could scarcely have suffered more. I cut and slashed, and hacked and hewed, conscious only of the one desire to reduce the brute to the smallest possible dimensions. At length, whether excited by the commendations I received, or in obedience to some strange law of our nature which I have never

yet had time to investigate, it certainly came to pass that I began to experience a certain sense of satisfaction in the work. Time, dinner, everything was forgotten, excepting only the beautiful proportions of the pig—"our" pig—for by this time I had fairly adopted him, and I was still the centre of an admiring band, executing a "chef-d'œuvre" of skill and elegance (cutting off chops), when, casting my eyes round, I became aware of the figure of my friend, the doctor, standing at the door, and quivering all over with suppressed laughter. His presence broke the charm. But the work was done. The pig was dismembered from snout to tail. Covered with glory, I resumed my coat, and sunk from the butcher to the man. Dear Rose and I parted the best of friends. But I did not kiss her hand.

Time passed rapidly away, and still the doctor found some new reason to postpone our promised visit to my third Rose—Rose Grahame. At length one Sunday, after service, he led me through the vineyards, saying, *this* was our opportunity. We took a familiar path, under walnut-trees, winding ever up and up till it led us out upon the hill, and to the cemetery, my youth's Eden—the garden that love, stronger than death, kept ever sacred, on the mountain-side.

We entered the well-known gates, and presently were standing by the "proscrit's" grave. But what is this beside it? Another grave? A little one. A little marble cross, a broken lily, and beneath,

"ROSE GRAHAME,
Æt. 5."

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